

UNCLE WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CHRISTMAS CAKE.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

It was two days before Christmas when Nurse Jane Puzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, came into the sitting room of the hollow stump bungalow, where she was housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily's longears, the bunny gentleman.

"Excuse me, Mr. Longears, but are you very busy?" Nurse Jane wanted to know.

"Why, not so very," answered the bunny. "May I have the pleasure of doing anything for you?" he asked, with a low and polite bow of his pink, twinkling nose.

"I want to send a Christmas cake over to Grandpa Goosey Gander," went on the muskrat lady. "I have baked one, and, as you are enough for me, I thought you might like to take him the other."

"Indeed I would like it very much, and I'm sure Grandpa Goosey would like it, too," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I'll get on my hat and coat and take the Christmas cake right over to him."

"I'll go out in the kitchen and wrap it up," said Nurse Jane. "It looks as if it were going to rain. I'll take the cake to Grandpa Goosey's house."

So while Uncle Wiggily pulled his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch out from behind the piano, where it had come to sleep, Nurse Jane shuffled out in the kitchen and began getting one of the two Christmas cakes ready for Uncle Wiggily to take over to Grandpa Goosey.

All of a sudden the telephone bell rang, and Uncle Wiggily called out: "I'll answer it for you, Nurse Jane. I'm almost ready to start!"

"Hello!" came back the answer. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily, there's such a lot of trouble at our house! Please send Nurse Jane over. Who are you, and what's the matter?" asked the bunny, for he was not sure who it was talking at the other end of the telephone.

"I'm Sammy Littlebit," was the answer. "My sister Susie has a thorn in her paw, from eating a prickly pear. Please ask Nurse Jane to come over and help get the thorn out of Susie's paw."

"I'll do that right away," said the bunny gentleman. "I'll send Nurse Jane right over. Goodness me, gracious sakes alive and some roast chestnuts! I don't any fun have silver in your paw at Christmas time."

Uncle Wiggily hurried out to the kitchen, where Nurse Jane was wrapping up the Christmas cake.

"Hop along, Nurse Jane! Hop along!" called Uncle Wiggily to his muskrat lady housekeeper. "You're wanted over at Susie Littlebit's house! Silver Paw! Christmas coming! Too bad! Huh!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed the muskrat lady. "You're as excited as if the chimney were on fire! I'll soon get the silver out of Susie's paw. There's the cake, all wrapped up on the table. Take it to Grandpa Goosey," she said.

Then Nurse Jane hurried over the field to the home of the Littlebit rabbits, and Uncle Wiggily, after giving his pink nose an extra twist or two to make his ears warmer, got ready to go to Grandpa Goosey's.

"Let me see," remarked as he went out to the kitchen after putting on his tall silk hat. "Nurse Jane said Grandpa Goosey's cake was on the table. This must be it," he went on, as he saw a package which had on it, in large letters, the word: "CAKE."

"I can read that without my glasses," said Uncle Wiggily, whose spectacles were in his pocket. "This is Grandpa Goosey's cake all right."

So tucking the bundle under his paw, the bunny gentleman started across the fields and through the woods toward his friend's home.

Uncle Wiggily had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, out from behind a large bush jumped the old buzzard again.

"Oh, ho! howled the Buzzard. 'You can't get away from me this time! You haven't any feather duster to tickle me with now! Hike you, Uncle Wiggily!'"

"No," sadly answered the bunny. "I haven't any."

"Then I'll have you!" asked the Buzzard, most impudently.

A Christmas cake for Grandpa Goosey Gander, spoke the bunny gentleman. "Oh, but you are mistaken!" gasped the bunny Buzzard. "That Christmas cake is for me! I'll eat it all up and then I'll nibble some more off your ears!"

With that, and showing what wild manners he had, the Buzzard grabbed the bundle from Uncle Wiggily's paw, and, not stopping to open it, the bird chap took a big bite. And then, all of a sudden, a very queer look came over the face of the Buzzard.

"Oh, what a funny mistake you made, Uncle Wiggily!" laughed the muskrat lady. "Here is Grandpa Goosey's Christmas cake, on the end of the table!" and she gave the bunny the right package this time. And Grandpa Goosey liked it very much. So if Santa Claus doesn't get stuck inside the chimney and have to be blown out with the electric fan so he can bring the tag doll a present, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily's Christmas.

"Dear me," said Uncle Wiggily, smiling like "I didn't see that word soup. And perhaps it is as well I didn't." Then the bunny picked up the soap which the Buzzard had bitten, and took it back to the hollow stump bungalow. By that time Nurse Jane had returned from getting the silver out of Susie's paw.

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And I learned about women from her! Kipling's line came into my head this morning when I read a letter from a poet, bewildered young man who apparently knows less than nothing about the whims and vagaries of the eternal female.

It is evidently a "man's man" for he says that, although he has many friends among men, he has none among women, and they seem positively to shun him.

"In my line of work," he continues, "I'm forging right ahead, and have been promoted much faster than many of the men who started with me. I was a man of low ideas, and only sought acquaintances among the other sex for the purpose of making contacts. I would make a deal for a girl, just what I was coming to, instead, I have always had a high regard for women."

Not long ago I met a girl who attracted me very much, and she seemed to think quite a lot of me. But suddenly she gave me a cold shoulder without a word of any kind, and I am too independent to run after her and ask her to explain her actions.

Soon after I had met her she left home for several months. Almost immediately she wrote me a letter, and answered my letter. We corresponded some time, and then I notice her interest was waning. At last I had a letter from her saying that she was coming back sooner than she had expected. I knew that she is low at home, but she herself has not informed me of the fact.

"It leaves me much puzzled. I think her family must have interfered. But why? I have a good character and am as honest as I know how to be. She thinks she is treating me as if I were simple-minded she is mistaken. Somehow I feel as if it may be my fault, but if it is, I would like to know in what way. My heart is not so set on this girl that I can't let her go, but I would like to know how to avoid such experiences in the future."

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"In my line of work," he continues, "I'm forging right ahead, and have been promoted much faster than many of the men who started with me. I was a man of low ideas, and only sought acquaintances among the other sex for the purpose of making contacts. I would make a deal for a girl, just what I was coming to, instead, I have always had a high regard for women."

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"It leaves me much puzzled. I think her family must have interfered. But why? I have a good character and am as honest as I know how to be. She thinks she is treating me as if I were simple-minded she is mistaken. Somehow I feel as if it may be my fault, but if it is, I would like to know in what way. My heart is not so set on this girl that I can't let her go, but I would like to know how to avoid such experiences in the future."

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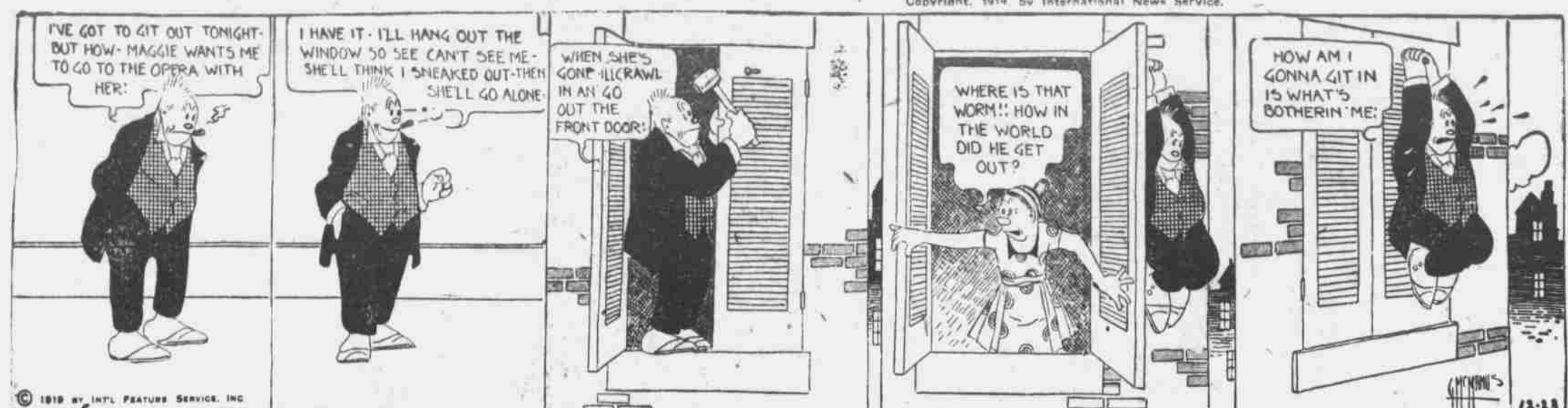
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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mother Is Somewhat Jarred Herself



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—We'll Say He's a Hero



JOE'S CAR—It Will Be Warmer When You Tell the Wife, Joe



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

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Soon after I had met her she left home for several months. Almost immediately she wrote me a letter, and answered my letter. We corresponded some time, and then I notice her interest was waning. At last I had a letter from her saying that she was coming back sooner than she had expected. I knew that she is low at home, but she herself has not informed me of the fact.

"It leaves me much puzzled. I think her family must have interfered. But why? I have a good character and am as honest as I know how to be. She thinks she is treating me as if I were simple-minded she is mistaken. Somehow I feel as if it may be my fault, but if it is, I would like to know in what way. My heart is not so set on this girl that I can't let her go, but I would like to know how to avoid such experiences in the future."

Since I am expected to play the part of Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, I will have to try to reconstruct the case out of the few clues furnished me.

Let us set down the facts in due order. The girl certainly likes you when she went away, for she was the first to write, thus plainly inviting letters to the United States.

For each offense he may be fined \$500, or sent to prison for 180 days.

Then comes an alternative punishment. In the discretion of the judge before whom the offender is convicted, he may be deported permanently to an island in the Philippine archipelago, or be sent to the government for that purpose.

Senator McKellar has been sitting the national legislature since November 1911, when he was elected to fill the unexpired term of General George W. Goetz. He was re-elected in 1913, and later he was nominated by Tennessee Democrats for U. S. senator and elected.

Senator McKellar has been sitting in Dallas county, Alabama. After securing three delegates at the University of Alabama he moved to Memphis, Tenn., and went into politics. He was a Democratic presidential elector from Tennessee in 1904 and was a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1908.

And I learned about women from her! Kipling's line came into my head this morning when I read a letter from a poet, bewildered young man who apparently knows less than nothing about the whims and vagaries of the eternal female.

It is evidently a "man's man" for he says that, although he has many friends among men, he has none among women, and they seem positively to shun him.

"In my line of work," he continues, "I'm forging right ahead, and have been promoted much faster than many of the men who started with me. I was a man of low ideas, and only sought acquaintances among the other sex for the purpose of making contacts. I would make a deal for a girl, just what I was coming to, instead, I have always had a high regard for women."

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